

Juniper Hills by **lavenderfieldscemetery**

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Summary: A poem about the last thoughts Henry Bowers had of Patrick Hockstetter.

Juniper Hills

Am I the one to end up in Juniper Hills?

Why,

this is so ironic, *darling*.

He'll bundle you into his arms.

The icy embrace of a sick, sick child.

Complacently he smiles. It

seems this smile is permanently

stuck on his pallid little face.

Don't be fooled by his

perverse charm

and slow wits.

This boy is a killer.

I should know,

for I hear his voice from

the ghastly ghost moon.

Husky, soft,

just as I remember it on

that day.

The jagged-toothed clown

took him away

at sunset.

Footprints dragging in the dirt,

one missing trainer,

smearred scarlet,

oozing, oozing.

Eaten alive in the sewers,

torn into by that phantom clown,

delicious like candy on Halloween.

Curiosity, anger, regret.

Why did you push me away?

It's your fault

I died;

and I shall blame you forever,

my darling.